

The Class of 2020.



The following includes personal accounts of 2020 swims - enjoy reading!

Andrew Wells

After a disappointment last weekend (12th/13th September) with wind problems preventing lengths of Ullswater and Windermere. Yesterday, 21st September, I witnessed a weather miracle: silky smooth waters for my first sea swim of the year. Two other boats were also out taking advantage of this miraculous weather with another solo along with a super speedy relay.

Supported by a JLDSC dream team of Andy, Martin and Jenny I entered the warm 19° C water at a very civilised 7:40 ready to leave from the Elizabeth castle breakwater.

Heading towards the sun our day was underway. Looking right on this first stretch I got to enjoy a few rocks then miles of empty ocean (left is definitely the way to look for scenery on this swim but maybe right allows you to be surprised by the progress you make each 45minutes). Every stop showed the tide was doing its job and we were flying along.

A tiny bit of chop was present passing La Rocque then a little more past St Catherine's breakwater, but this was a day for smooth sailing.

Turning west travel speed increased and a few feeds later we were at the NW corner. I've always heard to expect more waves but not today.

From the boat an extra 300ml of water helped keep things flowing and we turned south seemingly on the way home. After good initial progress things slowed a little heading through the 8th hour but, reading my mind, an unscheduled Snickers bar appeared at my next stop keeping things going for that bit longer.

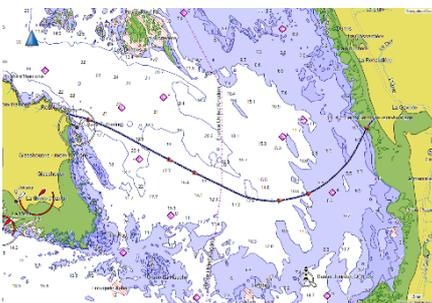
Once the lighthouse was rounded the flow returned and I was told we were into the final couple of hours. This is such a lift and progress was good again. In no time it was 'this is the final stop' and there's the finish off on the horizon.

After 11:06:58 it was finally time to relax, Jersey had been circumnavigated.

After a disrupted year the support, knowledge and advice from the boat was such a boost and I would recommend this swim to any long distance type out there.



Steve Henigan



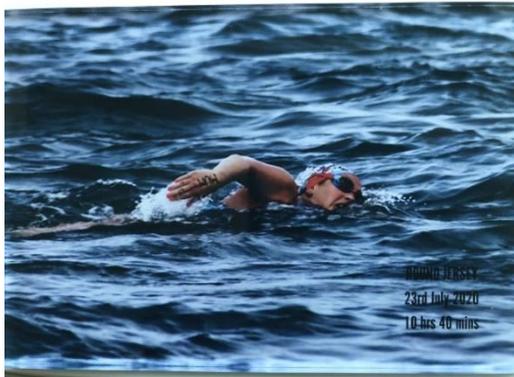
The first Jersey to France swim of the year took place on 30th July when Steve Henigan set off from La Coupe at the leisurely time of 8.50am. Piloting him on Lionheart was Matt Clarke and looking after him on board were Emma and Ken Henigan and observer Bianca Kempster. Steve landed on the beach in France in a time of 8 hours 01 minutes.

Joanne Pullman

This swim was a long time coming! Having to sadly cancel during 2019, and then with the uncertainty of Covid during 2020 I thought once again it wouldn't happen. But as restrictions lifted, and I could start getting a bit of training in the sea, I figured to just go for it. My goal wasn't about achieving a certain time. I just wanted to complete it, enjoy it and do it for my mum and to raise money for the cancer and dementia charities. The only part that may have been slightly unrealistic was the "enjoy it" motive!!

I was soooo nervous on the morning of the swim, and just wanted to get off the boat and in the water, the sooner I started the sooner it would all be over!

So, on the 23rd July at 7.16am into the water I jumped and off we went. I was surprised that even before we left the harbour there were lots and lots of jelly fish underneath me, this wasn't in my plan and I began my swim singing my "Jelly Fish Song" in my head on loop for the first 15 minutes (it worked, I didn't get stung!)



The first part of the swim I really enjoyed, I felt like I was in my groove, lots of smiley faces and banners at La Rocque, feeds going well. I was in my happy place.

Sadly, that place evaporated shortly after St Catherine's, where I hit my wall. I knew like any endurance event at some point the wall would appear and I'd need to mentally dig deep. I thought that would be along St Ouens as so many people I'd spoken to had told me that was the hardest part. But for me, the north coast was where I wanted to throw the toys out of the pram or the CNP at Bianca!

The lovely Billie Cave gave me wise words as I set off that morning, she said to think of the swim as a piece of cake, all with different layers and flavours, and at some point you will go through a piece that isn't quite your favourite but it will pass and the nice part of the cake will appear. So Billie was in my thoughts the duration of the North Coast as I splashed my way through my 'coffee cake'....begging for a big fat slice of chocolate cake to appear as I rounded Grosnez!!!

(The irony is, whilst I was convinced I wasn't moving, my stroke had gone to pot and I was telling Bianca I'd hit a wall, everyone watching the tracker thought I was happily flying along as the tide was actually assisting me!). Funny how different things can look on the outside to what someone can be actually feeling on the inside.

The rest of the Swim passed in a bit of a blur, my shoulders started screaming along the final leg, the jellies came out to play again, but no stings (I really need to copyright that song) and I just kept putting one arm in front of the other.

One part I do remember clearly, was when the wall was in my sight, yet I felt I'd never ever get there, and my body physically ached. I kept telling myself, in 30 minutes, 20 minutes it's all over, I'll go home, I'll recover, I'll feel fantastic. Tomorrow is another day and this pain will be gone! But for all the people I'm swimming for, with dementia and / or cancer, their tomorrow may not be brighter and actually their tomorrow may be worse than their today....so stop complaining Pullman and get on with it!

HUGE thanks - to everyone that helped train with me, especially because of logistics I'll often be a [last.minute.com!](https://lastminute.com/) All the advice from previous swimmers and selfless encouragement you gave me. The amazing JLDSC club for being so supportive and to my gorgeous crew - Bianca Kempster, Martin Powell and John Asplet (in no particular order of gorgeousness!!). You guys rock.

Joey Essex does Jersey Round Island. 10 hours 40 mins. I did it mum ! Xx

DAVE CHISHOLM AROUND JERSEY SOLO, 6TH AUGUST 2020

Not easy to force down a Full English at 4am with nerves jangling, despite Kentish Crewman Kris' excellent cooking. Small Days over now. Days exploring wondrous Jersey, all new to us. Recces to spot lighthouses, towers, masts, headlands, cliffs, bays and beaches. Meet and plan with lovely Jenny and the JLDSC who have been so helpful. Pilot Matt primed and ready to show the newcomers the way. The Big Day is finally here.

5.30am meet and greet at Lionheart comes and goes quickly. "A millpond awaits you". Almost hilarious quantities of vaseline and suncream applied. Laughter masks fear. Out of the marina to the start, Elizabeth Castle breakwater bathed in glorious sunrise. Perfect conditions. At "the off" a couple of large jellies lurk in the clear depths. Will the heat of the day lure others to the surface?

Trying to shake off nerves by settling into a steady stroke. Launch pilot Richard is steady, radio in hand he guides through jagged coastline. Too shallow for Lionheart except for a first feed rendezvous. Feeling good, strong. Don't rush, long day ahead. Laura's (RJ 2004, 10:37) advice in mind, "Jersey is just four corners". Industrial port and residential St Helier pass with encouraging speed. The route passes so close to harbour stonework at La Rocque that it really shows just how fast the tide is running. First "corner" done, Richard heads home and I re-join Lionheart.

Concentrate hard, leave all worries behind. Coach Charlie said "Remember to enjoy it". Stunning Jersey in August sunlight. Approaching the magnificent Mont Orgueil Castle, proud and impenetrable on its rocky pedestal. Ripping tide. Regular stroke. Pleasing, but don't lose focus. This will get gritty at some stage; moments of doubt and pain are inevitable.

Immense St Catherine's Breakwater appears on the horizon with the hot sun in its mid morning position in the sky. Kris busy with feeds and camera. Observer Bianca (RJ 2009 11:04 & 2018 11:29) is a friendly and safe pair of hands. Matt looks solid. Reliable, in control of majestic Lionheart. Luck is needed on such adventures and ours is to have great weather, pilot, boat and crew. Don't let this chance slip away!

A little lost. Is St Catherine's on a "corner"? Scanning the rugged coast I eventually spot familiar Bouley Bay. Second "corner" definitely done! Looking ahead for Fremont Point TV mast, the hallowed half way point along the north coast, but it's reluctant to appear.

Still feeling strong but tiring. Into the unknown now. In the water for longer than the 6-hour qualifier now, and 12 years since swimming so far. Cannot rest on the laurels of that Channel Solo now, particularly as I'm pushing 60! Half way mast behind us now and we press on past vast rocky outcrops around Grosnez Castle.



Millpond my arse! All three "corners" have chopped up with increasing severity but thankfully soon settle back to the predicted calm.

Lee (RJ 2004, 10:47) warned of the mental challenge of St Ouens Bay with its interminable sandy beach and slow approach to the iconic La Corbiere lighthouse. The core of his swim. Get head down and ignore increasing muscle ache and seeping chill from Atlantic waters. Brutalist Nazi towers, bunkers and other concrete defences observe our passage unmoved. Incredible history.

Fatigue. Mind wandering. More thoughts of wonderful wife Josie and our daughters Sophie, Ella and Zoe, my very reason for being. Lucky to have so much love, but don't lose focus or fight. They can't congratulate you unless you succeed, likewise the multitude of followers made possible by the wonders of swim track technology. Keep it simple, keep it clear. It's not about the applause.

More swell as we weave through La Corbiere rocks and around the fourth "corner". Speed and motivation reduced. Surely I can ease to the finish on the tide now? Friendly and supportive Jorge on his two-person relay pass us.

Well timed and stern words from Kris at the next feed. “We need a big half hour from you Dave”. Surely not! “Is it a tide issue?”. “Yes”. I can’t believe it. If the tide turns against us, finishing is impossible.

Have not come this far to fail. “Not a lot of people have done this”. Charlie again. Stretch and glide, with long increased stroke rate. Breathe to boat side only. Push hard and hold that pace. Target the nasty black and white barrel shaped Tour de Vinde turret and make it my enemy. So this is the guts of my swim, not cruising home, but suffering.

This is where following the training program on dark days of endlessly boring “porridge” in the pool must pay off. And hours of crucifying cold swims through winter in stormy Channel waters in White Cliffs Country with the hearty Kingsdown Crawlers.

After an eternity of pain (much more than half an hour!) Noirmont Point is suddenly past, beaten. Evening sunlight soaks the “Holy Grail”, Elizabeth Castle and its breakwater in the distance. The finish. Our speed past marker posts in the water show me that tide is still in our favour. Endlessly hanging on but slowly, slowly the granite wall comes close. Solid, definite and final. My hand connects with a triumphant slap! We have done it and I WILL cry out, long and loud!

Energy seeps away faster than the strongest tide. Over 16 litres of feed guzzled, all burnt now, bringing at least one piss per feed! Hauled inelegantly up the ladder, like an astronaut returning to gravity, flopped into Lionheart and ferried back to the marina.

11 hours and 22 minutes. 42 miles, it is said. I’ll take that any day, a dream fulfilled.

In minutes, thrown back into life on land with a reception party of old mate John & Sarah Maxey (John last seen 35 years ago) and the Brett family (Bill, Rachel, Eliza, Tom, Alice & Flora) from Kent. Discussion reveals we have all been at the same school at various stages over the past 45 years! A suitably surreal reconnection with reality.

Old friends found, new bonds and memories made. This is what life is about, with extreme challenge and adventure as a catalyst.

And now the enjoyable mundane: rehydration and tourism can start in earnest! Reflection that over £6000 has been raised for Plastic Oceans UK, the amount donated to me matched by the magnificent Utility Warehouse.

A solo swim, impossible without a team effort. You know who you are and I thank you.

Claire Russell

Claire set off on her Round Jersey swim on 4th September. Piloting her in Lionheart was Matt Clarke with Michael Tees as crew and Hayley Butlin as observer. Claire successfully completed her swim in a time of 11 hours 27 minutes.



Steve Pallett

Round Jersey Swim on Monday 21st September 2020

Prior to going on holiday in the middle of February, I had been training hard in the pool at Les Quennevais swimming at least 20 km a week with the aim of attempting to swim around Guernsey during the summer of 2020. As I returned to the island in late February, the Covid – 19 pandemic was really beginning to take hold and it became clear that severe restrictions were going to be implemented at some point. We all had to endure a lockdown in Jersey which meant that the pool closed and even outside exercise was limited. With a small group though we soon began swimming in the sea and by mid April had started to up our time in the water. It became clear though that Guernsey were not going to allow swimmers/ boats in their waters over the summer which meant that my planned swim was out of the question.

After a few weeks of sea training all was going well so I decided to switch my attention to another swim that I could do locally and decided to have another go at Round Jersey if a suitable date and support could be found. My regular swim group included Neil Faudemer, Wendy Trehiou and Fred Maynard who all offered support with Neil offering to pilot the swim on his boat so the training carried on whilst waiting for a tide and good weather. Late July and all of August passed by without a date being found where everything was in place and I was giving up hope that we would find a date. Also during that time Wendy went across to Dover and managed another incredible English Channel swim in difficult conditions with Neil and David Le Clercq crewing for her. Her success spurred me on as I know how hard she had trained to complete her swim.

Leading up to the weekend of 19th and 20th September it looked like the weather was looking good with lighter winds and good size tides. After discussing with Neil we decided that the Monday was looking most promising and arranged with Neil, Wendy, Fred and Nigel Trehiou to meet at Elizabeth Marina early on the 7th with a view of starting 2 hours before high tide. As we headed out to Elizabeth Castle breakwater I felt pretty relaxed and well prepared to get in the water. The calmness of the start was slightly interrupted when Fred fell out of his kayak trying to get in it which put a smile on everyone's face except poor Fred who was hoping to stay dry for his paddle.

As we set off, I was aware that both a relay and another solo attempt were also due to go so was comforted that perhaps we had picked the right day. I knew that the winds were easterly F 3 for the early part of the day turning more northerly and dropping during the day. We made good progress from St. Helier to Green island and then towards La Rocque but as we reached Le Hocq the sea got choppier and by La Rocque was bouncy to say the least due to the easterly winds but we battled in the hope that the sea would eventually calm down.

Strangely as we were halfway across Grouville Bay, and I was in a world of my own, a swimmer came from nowhere and swam right across the front of me! I stopped for a couple of seconds thinking that it was a long way out for a casual swimmer only to realise that it was the other solo swimmer on his Round Jersey who apparently had been close to us for some time. As it turned out we spent most the day within a kilometre of each other 'toing and froing' at times but it was another welcome distraction during the day.

Fortunately I was right and after the usual choppy section through St. Catherine's, the water calmed down and as we reached Rozel the sea became flat with just a slight swell and a joy to swim in. Unlike previous swims, I had set myself a target of not looking too far ahead and concentrating both on my stroke and staying focused. As we headed along the north coast this plan was working well and by the 6 hour point we were well past half way. Feeding had to that point gone well and not only was my stomach behaving itself but my shoulders felt great and the only niggle I had was a slight pain in my groin but nothing that was affecting my stroke rate or speed.

The north coast section seemed to pass really quickly and as we headed towards Grosnez, Neil jumped in and swam with me for an hour which was brilliant company and gave me the confidence that I was going pretty well. As Neil got out, I was aware of another boat to one side and stopped to see who it was. It turned out to be my good friend Deputy Steve Luce and some friends out to support which was fantastic and a gesture that I really appreciated.

As we headed round Grosnez and towards Corbiere it did feel that Neil was taking me way, way out from shore but it turned out that he was searching for some tide which he found. I soon realised that not only were we gaining on the UK swimmer we actually got in front of him which was a real boost.

This was the third time I had swum across St Ouens Bay on Round Jersey swims and both other times the crossing seemed long and arduous, but this time I just tried to settle in and enjoy it which seemed to work as the rocks around the lighthouse started to loom up in front of me after a couple of hours.



Fred re-joined me in his kayak to guide me around Corbiere and back to St. Helier and we decided to stay close in as I turned around Corbiere in what was a relatively flat sea. The decision to stay close in did lose us some time as the other boat and solo swimmer has stayed wider and not only caught us up but managed to get a good way in front of us. By now I had decided I couldn't stomach any more CNP pro fuel and just had hot tea and honey or flat coke to get me to the finish.

Rounding Corbiere was, as previously, the best part of the swim and even now still gives me goosepimples when I think about it. Turning Corbiere is also the point when you sort of know you will finish as long as you can carry on swimming as the tide had turned and you could start to feel the pull.

I decided I was going to enjoy the swim from Corbiere to the breakwater, hell or high water, and as different landmarks passed by I tried to store the images in my mind. The pull of the tide as we passed Noirmont was incredible and I did realise that the last part into the breakwater can often be the trickiest but Neil had done this so many times before I could tell that we were in a good place. I just focused on following Fred in the kayak as the breakwater got closer and closer and I just kept my stroke going. Finally, I was within a couple of hundred metres of the finish and it was at this point I felt a little emotional (not like me I know). As I headed to the wall it finally dawned on me that this old man of 61 and a bit had conquered another personal challenge and as I finished I slapped the water and remember saying 'if you ever see me in the water again shoot me'. That negativity I am pleased to say left me within a day or so as I know how much long-distance swimming and the people I do it with mean to me and my sanity.

I just want to finish by thanking Neil, Wendy, Fred and Nigel for all their support on a fantastic day and also thank everyone who congratulated me in the days after the swim that took me 11 hours and 36 minutes. It was never about breaking any records, it was about the challenge and all the incredible times we had training this summer during some difficult times.



The Matadors

Michelle Parker & Jorge Cabrejas

10 hrs 47 mins

This swim was due to take place during 2019...twice. Good old Jersey weather meant postponement for our team of 5! When we entered 2020 we thought nothing could stop us. However, withdrawal for various reasons from 3 of the team suddenly meant that Jorge and I were in a predicament: either we swim it as a 2-person relay or we try to find people to join us.

And then Covid struck.

Jenny said that due to restrictions it had to become a 2-person or not at all.

After much debating as to whether I had it in me (we knew Jorge would be just fine with 3 x 2-hour swims!) we decided to bite the bullet and go for it.

It was a touch and go week, with a solo swimmer also looking for a slot in the tide. But there we were on Thursday 6th August, neither of us quite believing it was actually happening.

Jorge set off first out the harbour in pretty bumpy water. I was desperate to get into the water as we approached La Rocque. Jorge sped around from St Catherine's to Greve de L'Ecq, covering a distance of 18km in 2 hours! As I approached Grosnez it was the only time I thought "I can't physically do this!" The waves were huge and I didn't seem to be progressing. Thoughts of all the tough things in my life went through my head and I knew I could get through anything. Plus I didn't want to let Jorge down. Around Portlet, I looked off the boat and saw Jorge surrounded by jellyfish. I said to Jenny and Martin "I can't jump in there!" Martin said "don't worry, you're jumping in the other side!" Jenny said to me "it's up to you whether you finish in 10 something or 11 something". I was determined! I sped towards those black and white stripes like my life depended on it, stopping only briefly to try to throw a flip flop at Jorge which had ended up in the sea.

Jorge swam the last 300m with me, reminding me of all the training we had done together and the preparation for this swim.

I can easily say this was one of the best experiences of my life. A brilliant crew and an amazing team mate in the most perfect weather. I would do it all again tomorrow if I could.



Team Jellignite

On 2nd September 2020 at 05.30 Team Jellignite (Henry, Maddy and Izzy Le Cornu, Poppy Ginnis, Stella Olsson and Ocean Brown) got their opportunity to swim around the Island accompanied by Matt Clarke on Lionheart and Observer extraordinaire Bianca Kempster (Thank you) We are a team of teenagers aged between 14-18.

It was dark when Henry jumped in the water at Elizabeth Castle breakwater, but we were all so excited and nothing was getting in our way! Henry swam to Green Island, it was calm and peaceful, he swopped with Poppy.

Poppy had slightly longer than an hour to swim to get past the race at La Rocque! We were met by a huge crowd at La Rocque cheering us through!

As Poppy got out at La Rocque, Stella got in and swam to Anne port, she swam through seaweed and muck on the water.

Ocean leapt in at Anne port, immediately spotting it was Jellyfish Soup, but it didn't deter her, she just kept on swimming past St Cath's, again with a committee meeting at the end of the pier cheering us on! Ocean brought the team round to Rozel, that's when Maddy jumped in.

Maddy swam all the way from Rozel to Sorel Point meeting a couple jellies along the way. Next up we had Izzy.

Izzy was a special one and very talented too! Izzy saw two jellyfish and decided she didn't like it so she tackled her fear by swimming backstroke all the way to Grosnez without even an issue with her sense of direction!

Henry and Poppy led us from Grosnez to Corbiere, we managed to see Dolphins in the distance!

Stella took us around Corbiere where we were met by a JEP photographer in the middle of the bay. However, the only problem was Stella was too fast for the photographer even though he was in flippers and on a surfboard! It definitely made all of us onboard the boat giggle.

Ocean managed to then swim from just past Corbiere all the way to the middle of St Aubins Bay. In the process of this swim the jellies decided to show again and one even decided to sting her on the forehead but she just laughed and carried on swimming. Ocean tackled her huge jellyfish fear on this day!

Finally, Maddy another superstar finished our swim for us in 10 hours 51 minutes and 23 seconds!



Swimming around the Island in a relay was such an amazing experience for us all and any fear we had about swimming completely left us! Team Jellignite did this in aid of the charity called Healing Waves, which allows people with disabilities enjoy the fun of open water activities that they wouldn't ever think that they could do.

Team Jellignite raised the huge total of £2342.48. Team Jellignite would like to thank everyone for their support along the way and for your kind donations!

'Seas the Day'

Members – Amy Wyatt/Su Shortt

Round Jersey 2-man relay – 4th September 2020. Time: 11 hours 00 min

Jersey – France 2-man relay – 8th September 2020. Time: 8 hours 1 min



Like most swimmers, we were unsure our day would come. Training started late, we couldn't always train as a team, our longer training swims kept getting pushed back, our flights were cancelled...but on 1st September, after a very long ferry ride, and just hours before changes to self-isolation rules, we arrived and we were not disappointed. Neither of us had visited Jersey before, but the pictures of the water and coastline were very inviting... what the pictures didn't show was the warmth and friendliness of all the club members and visiting swimmers we met. Round Jersey was our intended swim, and the weather was glorious on Friday 4th 2020. It was rather a new revelation for us northerners that we would need to bring sunscreen, and that our swim would take place in daylight hours! Jenny was our observer, and she was a fantastic practical and moral support throughout our swim, whilst teaching me the correct pronunciation of Jersey place names. Ian was our skilled pilot, who not only navigated us expertly, but also fascinated us with stories about the history and myths of the island as we were passing landmarks. Swimming one hour in, and one hour out, Amy and I would share the gaps in our knowledge when we toured the island in subsequent days.

Martin also looked after us from his kayak for the first two hours, and he became chief seal spotter as he had noticed a curious little fella following us from Green island to La Rocque. The box jellies were making their presence known, but they caused little fuss to our swim and watching them pulsing along in the depths below was actually quite enchanting. A highlight was definitely the sight of dolphins. Amy had requested not to be told if they were swimming by her as she thought it may unnerve her, however, the fact we were all scrabbling for our phones to record them may have given it away!

Apart from a couple of 'washing machine' moments (particularly around St Catherine's and Corbiere), the water was kind. The big swells made their mark on the less hardy of stomachs. Amy never got to eat all her supplies, where as usual, I spent all my boat time eating everything in sight.

The support from the shore was invaluable throughout the day, from the cheering squad at La Rocque two hours in, the drone footage which was a spectacular surprise and the welcoming committee with wine back in harbour. On our initial briefing session with Jenny we were told an 'average' swim would be around 11 hours dependent on so many factors, so 'Team Seas the day' were more than delighted to be 'perfectly average' swimmers clocking in at dead on 11 hours 00 mins.

The following day, we woke up to find that Matt, pilot of Lionheart had advertised a slot for a Jersey-France swim on Tuesday 8th Sept. Well we were called 'Seas the day'...

We were booked on the outbound ferry at 2000 that evening, so after assurances from Matt that "Yes", we would definitely be back in time and "No", his boat definitely would not break down, we bagged the slot, then broke it to our nearest and dearest.

It was a 0430 start and with the moon glistening on the water, I agreed to do the 'night' swim till sunrise, given that Amy had done the extra hour on the previous swim. Now my eyesight is not the best, but as I swam up to the beach to begin the swim, I freaked out at the sight of a tall shadowy figure waiting near the water's edge to welcome me. It took a few seconds of nervously stumbling in the dark to realise it was actually just my own shadow! I felt more settled when I got back to having the boat beside me, until Matt surged forward. I remember shouting "Don't leave me!", he wasn't...he was just making sure he didn't hit a lobster pot.

It all went 'swimmingly' after that! Hayley was our observer, who enjoyed the fashion show of our various costumes, (until I had a rather embarrassing 'wardrobe malfunction' coming out of the water). She had even brought her apron to make the bacon butties, although the choppiness of the water put paid to that idea.

Given that the Jersey-France record had only just been broken the day before, we thought a perfectly average 8 hours was good to aim for. 8 hours 1 minute was what we got. As we stood on the Normandy beach, purposefully avoiding anyone French (for quarantine reasons) and watching a horse and trap racing up the beach, we were delighted to have done the double.

Thank you to all who warmly greeted us, swam with us, welcomed us into their homes and befriended us. We truly feel we are part of the JLDSC club and community and we even have the hats to prove it. We both hope to return to Jersey, Amy possibly to do future solo's, and me for the bacon butties Hayley still owes me...sorry and maybe solos.



Amy Ennion

30th August

I started my Jersey to France swim at 11:52pm, in the pitch black. It was my first ever night swim (I do NOT recommend this as a training technique!!) but luckily it didn't faze me too much. The stunning bioluminescence kept me company for the first dark few hours of the swim, while we navigated lobster pots and trailing rope and other things trying to jump out of the dark and foul Lionheart's propellor.



As it started to get lighter, I could tell I was nearing France as the number of jellyfish grew and grew! I kept on getting stung, including one nasty one on my nose which didn't go away for 2 days, but my crew- my ever-patient mother, Sam and Bianca from the JLDSC- said that it was a good thing, because each time I got stung they could hear as I sped up for a little while!

I touched land in France at 6:31am, giving a total time of 6 hours 39 mins.

While I was on the beach, all I really remember feeling is relief. I had been aiming for 7.5hours - 9.5hours, so I was happy that I went faster than expected, but I didn't really clue into what my time actually meant. I got back to the boat and Sam and Bianca spelt it out for me- I had achieved the joint second fastest ever woman's time!! I was absolutely ecstatic. [Of course, this was beaten a few weeks later by an incredible lady who got a new overall record, bumping me down to joint 3rd lady, but I'm so happy to be able to say I was 2nd for a little while!]

Thank you so much Jersey, Matt on Lionheart, and JLDSC. I will be back! To follow any of my other swim-exploits, follow me on instagram @amy.swims <3



Jorge Cabrejas

11th September - 9 hrs 15 mins

Why am I doing this?

That thought came to my mind many times during my J2F, especially after the first few hours when my left shoulder started hurting. It was my longest swim ever and I guess it's a normal thought to have. All what I heard about 'enjoying the swim' and 'being positive' went out of the window very soon and I wondered how people do those amazing feats such as swimming the channel and so on. Then I heard the clicking noises of the dolphins, the excitement of the crew when they appeared. I had to remind myself how much I love swimming, and dug into the memories from when I learnt to swim and making a mental note of every pool I've been and every sea I've swum, that took a while! It's amazing where your mind can take you when you only have jelly fish for company. The crew were really great and supportive, I felt really privileged to have the opportunity to try this swim and honoured by their support and enthusiasm. That really pushed me to the end. Seeing the sand at the bottom was an amazing feeling, together with 'this is your last feed'.



I wanted to test myself and see if I was good enough to do a long swim. I got there in the end and found the answer ...BECAUSE WE LOVE SWIMMING!

Nathalie Pohl

Marburg, 8 September 2020

Extreme swimmer Nathalie Pohl breaks her second world record. What an achievement! In the sensational time of 05:29:37 hours, Nathalie Pohl was yesterday the fastest person ever to swim the Jersey Channel.



The extreme swimmer mastered the route (about 22,5 kilometres) from the start at La Coupe Point in Jersey to the French coast in record time – nearly an hour faster than the previous female record holder and over 15 minutes faster than all previous male swimmers.

The result shows that the 25-year-old's hard training and stamina have paid off. The English Channel is particularly challenging and such swims are very unpredictable – something that Nathalie Pohl has already experienced. "This is my third swim in the English Channel. The first one nearly cost me my life before I went on to succeed here in 2016. It showed me that you need to push yourself beyond your own limits in order to find success. The fact that it is here that I have set a world record is just incredible for me. I am unbelievably happy and proud of the result," she says.

The young extreme swimmer has cause to be doubly proud: After all, this was the second world record set by the 25-year-old. Four years ago, she was the fastest to swim the Strait of Gibraltar. Her sights are constantly set on doing what no German woman has done before: To master the seven most famed and dangerous straits in the world, the "Ocean's Seven". The preparations for this are extensive and require an enormous amount of commitment. She trains in the water and in the gym for several hours every day. This year alone she has swum over 1,000 kilometres as part of her training and has continually worked on her technique. But in the world's oceans, it doesn't just come down to physical fitness – mental strength is what really decides how a swim goes.

The conditions also have to be right. As a result of the coronavirus pandemic and the subsequent travel restrictions, Nathalie was not able to make the crossing she had originally planned. "Hawaii wasn't possible, but I've been drawn to the idea of going back to the English Channel for a while now. It's also currently the only region available to me that offers the tough conditions that I need in order to prepare for the Ocean's Seven," the 25-year-old says.



The English Channel is considered the supreme discipline among extreme swimmers. The water temperature remains below 20 degrees almost all year round, the waters are turbulent and the currents unpredictable. Anyone wanting to complete the crossing needs to be exceptionally fit, mentally strong and show incredible determination. All of this Nathalie Pohl has in spades.

Next year, the native of Hesse wants to get one step closer to her target – with the Cook Strait between the North and South Islands of New Zealand. The Ka'iwi Channel in Hawaii and the North Channel between Ireland and Scotland will then make the "Ocean's Seven" complete.

Dover Darlings

19th September

All the cold winter swims paid off as the Jersey Relay 2020 team completed their qualifiers early June on a damp cold day with a choppy sea. No easy task as the previous 2 months we were in lock down and they only had a couple of weeks to re acclimatise to both swimming and the elements. But qualify they did and on the 17th of September there was no turning back as they boarded the flight to Jersey.

However, nature was to step in and deal a bitter blow. An unusual storm was brewing and the forecasted winds were deemed to be far too dangerous to undertake what they had all trained so hard for.

Having arrived in Jersey on the Thursday we eagerly, if not worriedly, awaited our Covid results. As they came in, we hugged each other between weather checks and were finally set free to enjoy what should have been a trip to swim around the island.



Friday morning brought good news. Against all odds the weather had turned and it was now a race to get everyone back on board. Credit to all involved they dropped their plans and it was game on. The beer and wine of the previous day was swapped for water and coffee.

Saturday morning at 0630 the team gathered in the pouring rain to set off to the marina. The pilot Craig was wet through as he welcomed them aboard with a smile on his face.

First up was Brian Alborough who bravely started it off, we'd ribbed him all night he'd have to swim through a soup of jellyfish. 2nd in as the sun came up was Suzanne Gough making that essential cut before the tide turned. Alison North was up next as the rain abated and the seas started to get a bit choppy. Little did Alison Turner know that she'd have a right roller coaster as she crossed the infamous St Catherine's stretch. Luckily for Shaun Creed she finished her leg in calmer water. Last to go was the Boss, Luke Edmonds who'd selflessly given up a second swim for the rest of the team. This was more or less repeated and Shaun touched the wall after 10 hours 35 minutes.

What seemed impossible only 24 hours ago turned into a very respectful swim from the Dover Darlings who started out only a year ago for nothing more than mental health and well-being.

This was written by Tim Gough (Suzanne's Husband)



Don't forget the Land crew!

Wendy Trehiou

Channel Swim No 6 - 10 Sept 2020 – 14 hrs 40 mins

It was the evening of Monday 7 Sept when I contacted my pilot, Neil Streeter as my tidal window opened the next day. The weather didn't look too promising for me but I soon learnt that there was a potential opportunity on Thursday 10 Sept with a 3am start and so it was all go to prepare for the team and myself.

After a few hours sleep we are picked up from the guesthouse at 1.45am and we arrive at Dover marina. We head down to Suva and I'm now becoming incredibly nervous; all boats are going out and there are swimmers and their crews everywhere. Having completed the Channel before I had an idea what was to come, or at least I thought I did. People think because you've done it before you'll do it again, but with that brings more nerves as nothing is a given and how would I deal with it if I didn't make it!

I jump off the back of the boat and all the guys are wishing me well. I get to the beach, clear the water, raise my hand, the horn goes and I'm off for Channel crossing no 6. I take with me all the kindness and support I've received over the last few days and I also have a vision of my fund raising, saving lots of dogs lives and I have a vision of lots of rescue dogs doing doggy paddle with me across the channel.

The first hour goes ok but it seems to go on for a long time, then feed no 1 comes flying at me and hits me on the head, thankfully the bottle is rubber. I head in to hour 2 and the sea livens up and it's getting choppy. I see white horses and I take on a few gulps of water. It's ok though as the forecast said the wind would drop! No such luck and I proceeded to battle mind games for the next 3 hours. I start to think both shoulders hurt, my left triceps hurt, I thought I was getting cramp in the back of my left knee, my goggles were too tight, my hat was slipping off and I wasn't swimming well. How many excuses could I really come up with. I soon talked myself round and start to enjoy my swim from about the 5th hour. The sea calmed a little and I managed to get a rhythm and some consistency in my swimming. Yippee, but after 2 hours the sea starts to build again. This wasn't a day where the Channel and I were best friends.

My team on the boat are being totally amazing and I clear the shipping lanes in about 10 to 11 hours and I'm told I'm having a great swim despite the conditions not being good. I can see Cap Gris Nez to my left and start to wonder if I'll get swept round when the tide turns. It's 11 hours of swimming and I come in for my feed and I'm asked for a hard hour, to which I respond "I just given you one" Hour 13 is at a more comfortable pace but then at hour 14 I'm asked to sprint again in the hope I would land west of the cap but I'm told I'll need to work for it and that it may be on my last feed. Head down and I give it my all. I can see the beach but I also see Cap Gris Nez getting closer but the wind is against tide which is to my advantage. Eventually I realize I am moving closer to the beach; Dave is putting his hat on and follows me in to the beach with the Jersey flag. Next thing my feet hit the sand, I dodge a few boulders and I clear the water. Yay I fly the flag for Jersey.

So, job done with Channel crossing no 6 completed.

I consider myself incredibly lucky to have yet again had the opportunity to swim the Channel but I've had an incredible amount of support and I'm truly grateful to everyone that has called or sent messages before during and after my swim.

You can sponsor me by clicking on the below link:

https://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/wendy-trehiou?fbclid=IwAR3PrY-LIKg01B3iVI5t1DkABqVj9oQdG_ph6p_4v8oZydQSRv15DE5mfPk



Lawrence Naested

The whole year was planned out for my longest ever swim JF solo: use a 1 million metre target for the year, 20k+ a week should do it in the pool through the winter, then swimathon 3x5k, a Croatia long distance camp in April for 6h qualifier, back in the sea from Sussex coast from May and Ullswater and Paddle round the (Brighton) Pier triple crown in July, all while continuing to work as normal and take a break here and there. Instead all swimming stopped in March and did not really start again until May, plus work went through the roof, with longer days than could ever be imagined. All the target and challenge swims came and went. Instead lots of Sussex coast swimming, including my own managed 6h swim. Then came the uncertainty of whether travel to Jersey was possible, what the regulations would be, whether Sussex would be in an amber or red zone, and whether a positive test on arrival would scupper all the plans, and leave me and the crew stuck in a hotel room for 14 days of a 10-day trip.

Worry not, the preparation actually went well, Sussex coast landmarks became familiar friends, more daylight meant longer early morning swims and long weekends. Sussex stayed green on the Covid regional map. Just had to clear the Covid test on arrival. The target swim slot loomed, flights and accommodation were booked and then re-booked to take account of a possible earlier window and we found ourselves awaiting swabbing at the airport on a Thursday morning 10th September. Later that morning it was confirmed Friday (tomorrow) 05:45 meet-up at St Catherine's with Matt and Lionheart. All that disruption earlier in the year and within 24 hours I would now be swimming.

Like all swimmers embarking on an event, the sleep that night was fitful, kit was checked and re-checked. However the morning came along, shower, shave, suncream on at the hotel, bundle into the car with all the gear, arrive at St C's around 5:30am, use the facilities, use the facilities again, load onto the boat and Matt, Graeme (as observer), Sarah Cotton (my crew and experienced OW swim buddy) and myself were pushing off round to La Coupe. Sea Swimmer 2 also was there with a JF soloist too, starting around 10 minutes before. Hop into the inky waters, swim ashore in the twilight and at around 6:15am we were off.

After so long, so many interrupted training sessions, the smoothness of the water in those early hours felt as if it would wash away the troubles of the world. The stroke even felt good, as if I was out front of Sun Yang in a 1500m race and not having to work too hard. (which if you see me swim is hilarious, and I am well under 6' tall too). Matt asked if I could swim on the left of the boat. I am mainly a left side breather, but said I would give it a go as I can breathe both sides. The daylight started to emerge, the water was pretty flat, barely a ripple, just some small swell now and again, slightly overcast the air was warm, water was very comfortable and we had started to come alongside Sea Swimmer 2.

First hour feed came along – the bottle was thrown at me and came off the rope! That was not a good start, fortunately with the conditions it could be retrieved and re-tied for the next feed. I also realised that I was going to make better progress on the right of the boat, so Matt agreed to a change, with some rules to stay wide of the boat so he could see. This worked a lot better. I started to be able to see into the deep as occasional shafts of sunlight shone through the clouds. It's funny when the water is clear your eyes see every speck below you and soon I started to see the barrel jellies with their bright white domes appearing now and again, some with the small black fish around them attracted by the brightness.



Feed number 2 came along. I was feeding on the hour, something I am very comfortable with. Warm weak blackcurrant squash, with either half a naked bar or half a banana as food. I have learned that drink mixes don't work for me, I can do 4 hours, but after that they upset me. Listening to Dan Abel (www.fitandabel.com) on a podcast he talked about separating your hydration needs from your nutrition needs. While it's great if you can do both at the same time, you don't have to. I have found that I can make sure I hydrate and

then with some solid food inside I can then get my feed. It's all trial and error, but for this swim it seemed to be working, with a bottle on a line and a silicon snap shut child's purse carrying the food on a carabiner attached to the bottle I got both at the same time.

Hour 3, feed 3 came along and I forgot that I had not taken the 1-a-day antihistamine nor the couple of paracetamol at the start as insurance as had been planned. A quick scour of the kit on the boat discovered that all that planning the night before meant we had left these in the other bag! Fortunately, this was a good day, felt good, this issue was minor and the problem passed me by and was left for the crew to work out – which they did with some spares on the boat at feed 4, crisis over.

Around feed 4 I became aware of squeaks in the water and the odd click. Then I started to see shapes pass under me. About 10 minutes later the boat crew were pointing and making all sorts of actions to draw my attention, it looked like they were trying to make signs regarding my stroke. It made me stop – “WHAT?” “Dolphins, lots of them” said Sarah.... I said indignantly “I know, I have heard them for ages” as if, why would you stop me like that and got right back into my swimming.



What then transpired was around 2 hours of being accompanied on all sides of the boat, under me, in front or behind me and to the side of me. For the crew this was now a dolphin watching cruise with a bit of swimming thrown in. At one point it was VERY clear that I was not the main attraction as they took snap and video over and over again. For me in the water I was regularly being swum under by a mother and calf. Then to top it all, a couple of adult dolphins (I am sure they must have been teenager equivalents) swam side by side upside down underneath me. I am sure they were waving and smiling

as they did! It was a magical two hours and made the hours 4-6 go quickly.

The French coast was certainly a lot clearer now. I know I know, you should never look, I even turned backward when feeding, but the odd front sighting meant I could see a sandy beach – looks like an hour swim away, wow, that was quicker than I thought. I might not be a new record (like a few weeks before), but it will be faster than I had expected. Then I thought, hold on, I was expecting 8-10 hours, if I did it in just over 6 or even 7 hours, that hardly seems like a real challenge, I have done 6 hour swims a few times before.

I should not have worried, that sandy beach near Bretteville-sur-Ay is sneaky. It looks really close, but it is not. I started to see the bottom, I must be nearly there, again wrong. It took me a good 90 minutes from the moment I saw the bottom to finally reach the shore. The crew reckoned I had a couple of feeds, but I took just one and then kept going for the last 7 minutes. Clambering ashore on hands and knees it took a while to stand, clearing the small surf I raised my arms and we were done – 8h7m. I was not cheated, it was a good, tough, justifiable swim. Collecting a shell from the beach I headed back to the boat.

A great swim after a challenging year, made the more amazing with the dolphin escort, made possible by Sarah my crew, Graeme the observer, Matt and Lionheart and my long-suffering wife Ann and my daughter Rose. Plus a big thank you to all at JLDSC for keeping the opportunity alive and the support team back at Steyning Athletic Club who helped the long summer swims go more smoothly. I expect you will see us back again, thank you Jersey.

Nick Adams

Life member and UK resident, Nick Adams successfully swam across the English Channel in a time of 12 hours 4 minutes on 17th July.

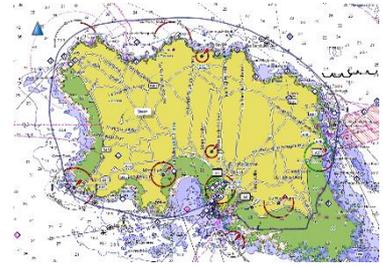
Nick is no stranger to the Channel and this swim brings his tally up to 16!

14 one way and 1 double crossing.

Justine Riley

22nd July

With amazing support from Jersey friends, I completed my round Jersey swim this summer in a time of 11 hours 13 minutes.



Guernsey borders were closed at the time and the only way of getting to Jersey was travelling over and back with Iris Freight, who do the inter-island paper deliveries, then looking forward to a 2-week quarantine, so no small pressure for the swim to be successful.

I was met by Nicki and Ocean Brown, who took me for my Covid test and then on to Ali Wood, who very kindly accommodated me for my short stay in Jersey.

Nicki, Ali and observer, Bianca, were my crew extraordinaire, keeping me going when I was finding it tough.

Matt Clarke did a brilliant job of piloting, as usual, and I was very pleased when Elizabeth Castle breakwater was again in sight at the end of my swim.

I was so thankful for the amazing support of my Jersey friends. It was great to see Karen Gallichan before my swim started and popping up again at La Rocque with Ocean and Jenny Fitzgerald.

So lovely too to be welcomed back in by Hayley Butlin, Chantelle Rose and Jenny, and support from Sal Minty-Gravett. What a wonderful swim family you all are JLDSC! Just possibly the best little swimming club in the world!!



Keg Society

James Salkeld, Bradley Rose & Henry Job

21st September - 9 hrs 30 mins

The start of the swim was quite choppy until we got past St. Catherine's. Henry was first to swim, then myself and then Brad. Whilst I was on my first hour a big seal came up to the back of the boat, thankfully I didn't see it.

The first two-hour rest went quite slow which was nice but then the rest of the breaks just went so fast and before we knew it, we were back into the water.

One of the most memorable moments was when about 20 dolphins swam past us whilst Brad was swimming. It was actually time for the changeover and Brad started swimming towards the dolphins and not us. Henry wasn't the happiest getting in with the dolphins! All in all a great day.

